

the object discontents you?

Luia Yes it does.

Row Is't come to this? you know me, doe you not?

Luia Yes as I may know manie by repentance.

Row Why doe ye breake your faith?

Luia I'll tell you that too
you are vnder age, and no band holds vpon you.

Mor. Gramercy for that wench.

Luia Sue out your vnderstanding,
and gett more haire, to couer your bare knockle
(for boyes were made for nothing but dry kisses.)
and if you can more manners.

Moro Better still.

Luia E's then if I want spanish gloues, or stockings
a ten pound wastcote, or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept'em.

Row farewell, and when I credit woman more
may I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade.
(and know him to be so) that breake my neck.

Luia Because I haue knowne you, I'll be thus kind to you,
farewell, and be a man, and ille prouide for you,
because I see y'ar desperate, some stay'd chamber mayde,
that may relieue your youth with wholesome doctrine.

Moro Ha wench!

Luia Ha chicken? — *She giues Moro a box at the eare, & Exit.*

Moro Is't come to this,
Saue you.

Row The diuell take you.

Moro Oh.

Row There's a loue token for you, thuck me now. — *Exit.*

Moro I'll thinke on some of you, and if I liue.

My

my nose alone shall not be playd withall. — *Exit*

ACTVS II. *Scena j.*

Enter Luia

Luia Now if I can gett in but handsomely
father I shall deceiue you, & this night
for all your priuate plotting, I'll no wedlock
I haue shifted sayle, and finds my sisters safetie
a sure retirement. Pray to heauen that Rowland
beleue not to far, what I said to him,
for yond old fox case forc'd me, that's my feare.
Stay, lett me see, this quarter fierce Petruchio
keepe with his Mirmigons; I must be suddaine,
if he sease on me, I can looke for nothing
but Marshall law; to this place haue I scap'd him,
about there.

*Enter Maria and
Bianca (about.)*

Maria Qui va la?

Luia A friend.

Bian Who are you?

Luia Looke out and know.

Mari Alas poore wench, who sent thee?
What weake foole made thy tounge his orator?
I know ye come to parley.
Luia Y'are deceiuid,
arg'd by the goodness of your cause I come.
to doe as you doe.

Mar. Y'ar to weake, too foolish
to cheate vs with your smoothnes; do not we know
thou hast been kept vp tame?

Luia Beleue me.

Maria No, prethee good Luia

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